New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1922

Owned by New York Tribune Inc., a New York Corporation. Published daily. Ogden Reid, President; G. Vernor Rogers, Vice-President; Helen Rogers Reid, Secretary; R. E. Maxfield, Treasurer. Address, Tribune Building, 154 Nassau Street, New York. Telephone, Beekman 3000.

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The Coal-Rail Message

President Harding's coal-rail message to Congress contains several concrete suggestions. As to coal, he asks for authority to appoint two government commissions. One will make a "fact-finding" investigation, such as the Cleveland agreement between certain groups of operators and the miners' union also contemplates. It will lay bare all the disheartening conditions in the sick coal industry. It will go into every phase of production, sale and distribution. It will advise as to wages and conditions of labor and submit plans for a reorganization of mining on an economic basis. The government's inquiry will not be hampered by the desire of operators or miners to protect their special interests. It will be independent of the industry and will concern itself mainly with protecting the public against artificially hampered and overcostly production, as well as against recurrent strikes and fuel shortages.

The President also requests Congress to make provision for a temporary Federal coal agency, with the necessary capital to purchase, sell and distribute coal entering into interstate transportation. This agency is intended to restrain profiteering and to insure a fair allotment of coal to the various sections of the country while the present shortage lasts.

These two instrumentalities are needed to liquidate the present coal hold-up and to give the coal industry a fresh start. The deeper evils which have developed, including the brutal denial of the right of non-union men to work in idle unionized mines, so shockingly flaunted in the public's face at Herrin, Ill., are left to be dealt with after Federal probing of the industry is over.

As to the rail shopmen's walk-out, the President bluntly says that the decisions of the Railroad Labor Board must be made "enforceable and effective against carriers and employees alike." Congress lacked the courage to direct the government to enforce these decisions, thus ending all legal resistance to them except through an appeal to the courts. It is a duty to the users of the roads to extend and fortify the board's powers, with a view to vetoing interruptions of service. The public would stand behind Congress in putting teeth at once into the Esch-Cummins act. The President, however, cautiously recommends waiting until the resentment aroused by the walk-out and the recent "outlaw" marooning of passenger trains has subsided. But strengthening the transportation law would be easier and mean more now. Relief is twice welcome if it comes quickly.

Evidently the Administration believes that the coal strike is broken and that the shop crafts walk-out order will soon be rescinded. He went to an extreme in his mediation efforts, even imperiling a principle—that of loss of seniority—which the Railroad Labor Board has established as one of the logical consequences of a strike against its decisions.

The President's compromise efforts failed and he prefers not to act again as mediator. Public opinion will compel an ending of the rail shop strike, as it has compelled a renewal of mining. The government is really more deeply concerned with maintaining the essentials of order and justice—violated in both these strikes. "Law," as Mr. Harding says, "must and will be sustained."

The message closes with a note of determination which augurs well for the destruction of false conceptions which have crept into American life. The public interest and the rights of majorities must prevail over the claims of self-seeking, restrictionist minorities. We shall get back at last to democratic theory and equity if this manly pledge of the President is embodied irrevocably in our national policy: "Wherefore I am resolved to use all the power of the government to maintain transportation and sustain the right of men to work."

Going Backward

The obviously concerted action of Mr. Koenig and Mr. Murphy, leaders respectively of the Republican and Democratic county organizations, in refusing a renomination to Surrogate Cohalan has aroused just public indignation.

The spectacle of a boss-controlled bench in New York is not a pleasant one. Public sentiment in the last ten years has set so strongly against interference with the judiciary by political leaders that the practice has gradually died out.

Judges who in the opinion of the Bar Association and the County Lawyers' Association have proved themselves eminently qualified for their offices have been invariably renominated and re-elected. It has been the boast of county leaders that they have always sunk political differences in the case of the bench and united in the support of men who had made good records.

Apparently because of a tiff with Mr. Cohalan which everybody else had forgotten Murphy now defies an excellent precedent in order to "get even." And Koenig, for reasons no better founded, helps Murphy to gratify his spite.

Co-operation between two rival leaders for the purpose of elevating the judiciary does much to reconcile the electorate to the boss system. But co-operation to put good men off the bench is certain to invoke reprisals at the polls.

What has hapened to Mr. Cohalan can easily happen to all other able judges on the New York bench, provided the two leaders for personal considerations decide to retire them to private life. Men of ability and character will soon cease to aspire to judicial positions which can be secured only through the favor of a boss.

That will leave the politicians free to pick the judges who will do them the most good, ignoring the recommendations of members of the bar and intelligent and honest citizens.

A year or two of such methods will give New York County the sort of judiciary it had in the days of Tweed. And Justice will quietly fold her wings and depart from this community.

Much More to Explain

Market Commissioner O'Malley emerged from the Kings County Grand Jury room, where he had been defending his department, to announce that he was "highly delighted." Apparently no embarrassing questions had been asked, and he had found it unnecessary to plead his constitutional rights and refuse to answer from time to time.

But, whatever the outcome of the Brooklyn inquiry, Mr. O'Malley still has a great deal of explaining to do to the public regarding the conduct of his department. Up to the present time neither the Commissioner nor the Mayor has explained why $52 annually, instead of $4, as formerly, is taken from the pushcart peddlers. There has been no explanation of the activities of the vast army of collectors who take this money and no effort to show how it is accounted for, if at all.

Beyond the admission that only 10 per cent of it gets into the city treasury, Mr. O'Malley has nothing to say about this money, which amounts to about a million dollars a year. Whenever Mr. O'Malley is asked questions by the newspapers the Mayor writes him a sympathetic letter and tells him that the newspapers are working for the food profiteers. But eventually he will have to explain to somebody, and if he does not explain to the public he will find himself questioned by a legislative committee, with full power to get the information it is looking for.

The "Hip Toter's" Rights

Prohibition Director Day's pronouncement that he is not after "the ordinary hip toter" (whatever he may be) has naturally aroused curiosity as to the powers of the enforcement agents. May a man be searched to see if he has liquor in his pocket?

The law prohibits transportation of liquor without a permit. This would seem to make flask carrying illegal. On the other hand, the enforcement agents are not empowered to search without a warrant, and a warrant cannot be issued upon mere suspicion. "Probable cause," and not "possible cause," must be shown.

The prohibition act specifically denies the right to issue a search warrant to enter a private dwelling unless it is being used for the unlawful sale of intoxicating liquor. In the case of motor vehicles seizure without a warrant can be made only if the agent has "reasonable grounds" to believe that the law is being violated. He must see or smell or otherwise be assured of the presence of liquor, and cannot make a seizure merely on suspicion. Indiscriminate search cannot be sustained. Each case is dependent upon its own circumstances.

It looks, therefore, as if the individual did not run much personal risk in carrying liquor with him. But the fact that he can "get away with it" does not make him any the less a law-breaker.

Why does not the Prohibition Director restate clearly and simply the circumstances under which an individual is guilty of violating the prohibition law? The public mind is not altogether clear on the question.

A Bird in the Hand

A deep note of sincerity vibrates through the following passage from an interview with John F. Hylan, printed yesterday morning:

> "I have just read Mr. Hearst's statement with great care. The article speaks for itself. I will not under any circumstances accept a nomination on the state ticket. The people elected me, or hired me by the election, and I am under contract to serve them for four years."

Mr. Hylan, to use an aged phrase, appears to know on which side his bread is buttered. He has a position which pays him fifteen thousand dollars a year and keeps him where the fierce light of publicity continually shines upon him.

To seek to become a candidate on the Democratic state ticket would insure a row with Charles F. Murphy and result in the loss of one job while he was reaching for another.

To become a candidate on a third party ticket, even if it were generously financed by Mr. Hearst, would be to risk everything for nothing.

Mr. Hylan has never betrayed a very keen sense of his limitations as a statesman, but he has enough political intelligence to know when he is well off.

The Man Who Changes Countries

If you were ninety-four years old and had been an American most of your life, like Mr. Pellew, of Washington, and a letter dropped in saying that you had inherited an English title and were really Viscount So-and-so, what would you do? Little Lord Fauntleroy faced a similar case at the other end of life and answered it by saying farewell to boyhood and all his old cronies in New York and mournfully turning into an heir.

The situation raises a knotty problem and nobody need sniff at the decision reached. Nationality is a queer, deep-lying element in human nature. It is all very well to say that all nationality is a creation of modern Europe and to call attention to the fact that our own nation is only six or seven generations old. The part of our heart and brain that is involved is far, far older than any nations as we know them to-day. The emotions that it stirs center about institutions and a habit of race loyalty as old as civilization. Just because it is so old and deep-buried it can sometimes lie dormant for a while—as in certain estimable internationalists of to-day who profess to see no difference between flags or skins, however colored—save, of course, when a dark-white from Morocco is set to guard blond Teutons on the Rhine. It is none the less one of the most potent and universal of all bonds.

Therefore, the man who shifts his nationality takes a far more important step than usually is realized. It is perhaps not too extreme to say that the shift is too great to be completed in one generation. The naturalized citizen can be a most valuable citizen and his loyalty to his adopted country may be far more genuine and useful than that of some blasé native. But in his heart, buried far out of sight, who can know what hidden bonds survive! Least of all, the man himself—until some call out of the past arrives to stir forgotten memories.

Enver Pasha

Enver Pasha was the most aggressive and spectacular of the Young Turk leaders who pushed Turkey into the World War on the Teuton side and thus paved the way for the dismemberment of the empire. There is little doubt that he was in German pay before the war started. A secret treaty of alliance with Germany was signed in the first week of August, 1914, and was kept buried in the archives of the German Foreign Office until Karl Kautsky ran across it. Turkey did not enter the war until the fall, thus fooling the Entente Allies and gaining time to fortify the Dardanelles and an opportunity to offer shelter as a neutral to the trapped German warships Goeben and Breslau.

Enver was strangely non-Turkish in many of his characteristics. He was a swaggering gunman—a rare figure among Ottoman politicians, who generally preferred to hire others to do their killing. Enver didn't employ Bashibazouks. He did his own shooting, when it was necessary. His skill and reputation as a "gun toter" intimidated most of his associates, who despised his abilities but feared his enmity.

As a statesman he was a mere swashbuckler. As a general he was neither a strategist nor a tactician. He studied military science in Germany, but didn't know how to apply what was taught him. He was badly defeated when he tried to turn the Bulgarian lines outside Constantinople by turning the right wing at Bulair. In the World War he attempted a Cannæ envelopment in the Caucasus and was routed by the Russian army opposing him.

After the armistice the Constantinople government condemned him to death for "war crimes," these including instigation of the Armenian massacres. He became a fugitive and turned up later in the Caucasus region, where he first enlisted as a Soviet agent and later conspired against the Russians. At one time he proclaimed himself King of the Kurds.

He was killed fighting the Bolshevists—pursuing to the end his career of trouble-making and violence. Like a good movie "bad man," he died with his boots on. His is a good riddance. But the harm he did his own people will plague them for generations to come.

Sharing Your Vacation

Before you lock your desk this afternoon and run for your train to take you to your vacation or your week end in the country, or get ready for your Sunday on the beach, will you take a minute's time to share your fresh air and outdoors with some city youngsters sweltering in the tenements? The invitations for these boys and girls are waiting for them. The Tribune Fresh Air Fund will make all the arrangements and attend to all the details. All that you need to do is to send the Fund a check representing as much fresh air as you can afford to give away, this to cover the railroad fares of the children to and from the country.

These invitations are from farmers and their wives who are glad to give up the spare room to a couple of youngsters and feed them fresh milk and butter and eggs and other farm stuff just for the pleasure of seeing them smile and grow fat. They are a gesture of friendship from country to city and they result in real bonds of friendship.

It seems a great pity that these invitations should be waiting and the children be ready and the visits fail for the lack of railroad fares. Our readers have come to our aid with a rush in the last few days. Will they please keep on with their extra checks till the last visit is provided for? Make out your check to the Tribune Fresh Air Fund and send it to the Fund in care of The Tribune, New York City. And please send it to-day, before you leave, as time is short and the best of vacation days will soon be over.

More Truth Than Poetry
By James J. Montague

Lines by a Plutocrat

How wantonly our statesmen spend
The people's utmost bean;
How little do they apprehend
What income taxes mean!
So utterly am I bereft
That, when my cellar's dry,
I seldom have the money left
To get a case of rye.

With bonuses and tariff bills
Our substance they exhaust,
Until, with apprehensive chills,
We shudder at the cost.
I know I cannot get this fall
The rest that I require—
I will not have the wherewithal
To pay my caddy hire.

They talk of subsidies for ships,
And public men in bands
Are going off on junket trips
In far and foreign lands.
I'll have—to keep from going broke—
To sell at least two cars—
And all I can afford to smoke
Are thirty-cent cigars.

No thought about the public purse
Is in a statesman's mind.
He lets things go from bad to worse,
To all our interests blind.
He sees the nation go to pot,
Nor makes the least demur;
And presently I fear I've got
To be my own chauffeur!

Well Cared For

Read the new tariff bill and you will begin to think that the American sheep have all registered for the next Congressional primaries.

Making Business

We suspect that it was some lawyer who evolved the idea that the ownership of the air could be made a subject for legal dispute.

No Demand

Engineers' assistants on vessels are called water tenders. They use very few of them on United States Shipping Board craft.

(Copyright by James J. Montague)

Herrin Questions

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: There are some millions of red-blooded, free-born American citizens who are asking themselves a few questions these days. Among these questions are the following:

(1) What have the local, state and Federal authorities done, or what, if anything, do they intend to do, relative to the unspeakable slaughter by a cowardly mob of assassins at Herrin of men acting within their constitutional rights?

(2) What steps, if any, have been taken or will be taken to bring these murderers to justice?

(3) If no measures have been taken (and it is obvious that no effective ones have been taken), why not? Is it through inability to obtain testimony regarding a shocking crime committed in the presence of thousands of witnesses? Is it through a lack of a sense of duty on the part of the officials? Or is it that the officials are so afraid of the "red" element that they have been intimidated? If the radicals want a fight, by all means let us have one, and to a red-hot finish.

CAPTAIN R. L. DE N. FORD.

New York, Aug. 15, 1922.

The Tower

DE SENECTUTE

Ah, I shall hate you, Age! So much I know.
Already you have robbed me of my gold
And given me pale silver coins to hold.
I hoard them now. I do not dare to throw
Them in the game as bravely, long ago,
My bright, new minted counters clinked and rolled.
The seasons, too, I find grow bleak and cold,
And I have always loathed the sight of snow.

Oh, you will bring the philosophic mind?
But who wants that? Your recompense is cruel.
A woolen nightcap and a cup of gruel—
Shall I in these my last adventure find?
Age, do you praise this as a fitting end:
Just to sit still and call each woman "friend"?

PERLEY A. CHILD.

The rail strike continues; the coal strike keeps right on breathing its last; the tariff debate is unabated and the heat is somep'n terrific. Yet we carol at our work. Max and Mathilde have been reunited and we hope they marry and live happily and extremely obscurely ever after.

Also—blessings never come singly—it appears now that we'll get through with this job before the papers start to print the tale of the Prince of Wales's romance and marriage.

The Cafés of Yesteryear

Sir: I can't versify like Mr. George Taggart, but I have what I think is even a more romantic basis for a retrospective poem.

A few miles from North Cohocton (which infinitesimal hamlet seems to get onto The Tribune's editorial page with surprising frequency) is the village of Dansville, N. Y. While dining at its only hotel recently I was struck by the strange familiarity of the furniture and tableware. Inquiry confirmed by suspicions. I was in the presence of those fixtures of the Knickerbocker Hotel which I had used so frequently when an active member of the famous Forty-second Street Country Club. Sic transit gloria mundi.

ROSCOE PEACOCK.

The flight to Charleston of the Brazil-bound seaplane on Thursday was a complete success except for the fact that it didn't get to Charleston.

ENCOURAGEMENT

I felt painfully small as I gazed out to sea,
Insignificant, trivial, humble and wee;
With the mountain peaks towering frightfully high,
I felt just like an atom between earth and sky.

But a mite of a bug came to rest on my hand,
Choosing me for a seat out of sea, sky and land;
And I said as I fetched him a whale of a bat:
"Oh, I guess I'm not awful damn little at that!"

MARJORIE.

In these days of prohibition it's enlightening to learn from the Knickerbocker advertisements about all the other things one can do with ice.

Seriously Trivial

Sir: The editor of The Saturday Blade, published in Chicago, takes the ruling of Mr. Whalen seriously, for in the issue of August 12, 1922, under the glaring headline of

"FAMOUS BROOKLYN BRIDGE ABOUT THRU"

we are told:

"Whalen made it very plain that while the existing condition is a serious one, it is in no way serious."

DOROTHEA CASEY.

The mark continues to dwindle, and we can't help wondering if the Germans aren't waiting for it to vanish entirely so that they can institute a brand new system of currency.

TREASURES

Within my memory I hold
A treasure, dearer far than gold;
A hidden hoard of lovely things
Caught from the years' swift flying wings—

An apple orchard, laden down
With blossoms like a snowy crown;

Twilight in gardens, when the calm
Of dusk is like a healing balm;

The clamor of the whip-poor-will
Through trees at evening dark and still:

The sea upon a summer's night,
When moonbeams built a road of light;

The west wind in my hair at play,
And on my lips the sea's salt spray—

These are the treasures which I hold
And count as misers do their gold.

H. E. M.

What with mosquitoes and heat and dampness and cockroaches—the more delicate minded call them "water bugs"—existence in a Manhattan flat would be almost as good as camping out these days if it weren't for the presence of the gas stove and the absence of ants.

Liquor was evil and we prohibited that. Pistols, it has been discovered by reformers, are temptations to sin, and their prohibition is now being advocated. Eventually those who are attempting to bring about the millennium by restriction will discover that ideal conditions can be obtained most effectively by prohibition of the human race.

The main trouble with these pre-election pledges of candidates seems to be that they are more honored in the speech than in the observance.

F. F. V.

A CASE FOR CAREFUL DELIBERATION

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Stray Letters of the Sea
By William McFee

There is something sinister in the fact that the recipient of a love letter so often leaves it where it is found by a stranger. This refers to letters informed with authentic passion, for curiously enough the regulation and standardized form letters which are the currency of established and conventional lovers are very well guarded. No doubt they use filing cabinets.

Sailors and farmers are not so careful. It is the habit of the present writer to examine his desk narrowly when joining a new ship. Down at the back, where the roll top slides, may often be found a genuine human document. This first happened a dozen years ago, when he knew nothing of his predecessors on that ship. A sheaf of "foreign" note paper, covered with large, nervous handwriting, was discernible jammed away behind a drawer. Fishing it out to discover its nature, it proved to be addressed to one Jock. It came from the highlands of Scotland, and Jock was no mortal man, to judge by these letters. There was a tone of reverence in the woman's style as she tenderly asked if he had killed that fellow with whom he had, according to some former letter, quarreled. And how the whole page was illumined and set aglow with her ecstasy as she hinted at the coming day when she, too, could reach America and stand in the kirk with her Jock. There was no question of remaining "this side of idolatry." It was sheer adoration and, reading the thing in a very furtive and perturbed fashion, the present writer tore it up into small pieces and dropped them into the ocean. It was a year later when he saw them both, a gaunt Scot and his still more gaunt helpmeet, with a pale and lunatic blue eye, taking the air on Canal Street. There was something almost supernatural in the mere notion that this formidable female could have poured out so fierce a lava flow of emotion upon so unpromising a subject. And why did he, if he valued such things, leave it in the desk?

There was another case during the war of an Irish girl whose flaming epistles were found in a thick bunch of dustiness behind a drawer in a desk. She, too, had adoring moments, but there was a scared apprehension at the back of her mind that Larry was slipping from her grip. Larry had already slipped, in fact, as was gathered as soon as he could be identified among the officers of a neighboring ship. She pleaded almost frantically. One saw her as a big, fresh-colored, dark-eyed creature, impetuous and fundamentally good, well aware how much more important this business was to her than to him. There were several letters, each one growing more pitiful in its abnegation of a proud and generous heart. She knew by instinct the dangers (to her) of foreign service. And at the last she quite openly "prayed on her knees to God to bring her boy home to her," and ended in a smudged and swampy mess of blotted tears.

And obviously he, while he very likely went back later to his Peg or Meg, whichever it was, had no care of her letters. And they, too, were sent overboard.

Those who are addicted to such revelations will find a very charming example in a recent biography, "William de Morgan and His Wife." It is too long to quote in its entirety, but it may be mentioned that Mrs. de Morgan picked it up on the beach of an English town. This was in 1[illegible], and such letters could be matched among the same class to-day. It begins:

"My dearest Marey

"i be verry well and appey to inform you that i be verry well at present and i hope you be the same dear Marey—i be very sorry to hear how as you don't like your quarters as I chant be able to look on your dear face so offen as i have done dearest Marey pure and holy meek and loly lovely Rose of Sharon."

And this amazing and beautiful form of address the poor country boy uses again and again in his letter. [illegible] after he tells her the great news that his father

"is going to [illegible] granny A 5 lb note [illegible] such as washin stand [illegible] mouse trap and sope"

he has to come back to the [illegible] mood, and illumine his [illegible] with the gorgeous phrase.

And yet, at the back of [illegible] in the uneasy perplexity [illegible] how this delicious "Marey" came to drop that letter on Sidmouth [illegible]. Did she marry him? We don't know. Did she love him? We don't even know that. Perhaps when she got into the dairy at one and sixpence a week she turned her nose up at him and fell in love with somebody else.

What Readers Are Thinking

The Patient's Pint

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Did it ever occur to you what a beautiful and profitable arrangement the prohibitionists have made for the physicians and druggists? The physician writes a prescription for a pint of whisky and charges the unfortunate patient $2. The druggist fills the prescription and collects from $3 to $5. The total cost to the patient is from $5 to $7 a pint, or at the rate of from $40 to $56 a gallon.

The magnanimous Volstead act allows such a prescription once in ten days. A pint of whisky in combination with milk and eggs may be consumed properly and reasonably within two or three days, but no matter how serious the illness the physician is not permitted to write another prescription for the same patient until the expiration of ten days.

The injustice and iniquity of such a law is so apparent and so obvious that comment is superfluous.

NORMAN.

New York, Aug. 16, 1922.

An I. W. W. Spokesman

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your editorial in Thursday's paper, "Unionism's Worst Foe," is so totally unfair that I felt certain The Tribune would not have printed it had it had all the facts brought to its attention.

On August 16 I wired to Attorney General Daugherty an answer to his statement to the press. The substance of my wire was that "the I. W. W.'s only connection with the present strike was that we were giving them our moral support, as we considered them in the right. The Railroad Labor Board, having overlooked over eighty violations of its rulings by the railroad companies, finally ordered the shopmen's wages reduced below a living wage. Such injustices finally drove the shopmen to strike."

Regarding Mr. Daugherty's statement "that the I. W. W. was even ready to run the government itself," I replied: "This can easily be seen to be ridiculous, as any student of sociology knows that the I. W. W. has never attempted or advocated the overthrowing or running of the existing political government, the I. W. W. being a labor organization that desires to right the injustices done to the workers by our present industrial system. None of the I. W. W. political prisoners now serving sentences in Leavenworth for violation of the espionage act is charged with advocating the overthrow of the government by force or violence. Had they been imprisoned on the same charges in any other country engaged in the World War they would have been released long ago. They were imprisoned not for any proved or committed conspiracy to interfere with the war, but for the exercising of their constitutional right to express their opinion on the war. The continued imprisonment of these men shows only too clearly how lacking the government is in actual facts of the cases of political prisoners and of the causes of the present strike."

Regarding your statement that "an I. W. W.'s idea of making a strike effective is to dynamite bridges and to destroy the lives of innocent people," this is false, as we have not advocated that.

PIERCE C. WETTER.

New York, Aug. 18, 1922.

Advice on Flag Etiquette

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I have read with interest the letter of Douglas Breadhurst concerning the need for constructive work in teaching flag etiquette.

Let me call attention to the circular of the Veterans of Foreign Wars on "The Etiquette of the Flag" and to a four-page pamphlet, prepared by Sidney Morse, of the New York Grand Lodge of Masons, on "The Origin and Symbolism of the Colors," together with a paragraph on the observance of respect due the flag and a well-balanced program for the celebration of Flag Day.

The undersigned will be pleased to mail to any one interested copies of these most excellent documents.

THEODORE D. GOTTLIEB,
Patriotic Instructor, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Department of New Jersey, 31 Clinton Street.

Newark, N. J., Aug. 16, 1922.

The Prohibition Poll

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Lemuel Roberts in his letter in your issue of to-day concerning the straw vote of "The Literary Digest" on prohibition is in error when he states that "a man can obtain as many blanks as he chooses," in spite of the man he claims to have overheard talking who said "he had already put in fifteen votes against prohibition."

The prohibitionists, it seems, don't like the revelations of the "Literary Digest" poll because it shows that a large majority of the people of the country who have voted want the Volstead act either modified or completely annulled.

A. S. W.

Yonkers, N. Y., Aug. 15, 1922.